

MARVEL



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the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN™

HIS NAME IS
BANJO
AND HE HATES IT WHEN YOU PICK ON HIM!



Stan Lee
PRESENTS: **THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN!**™

HE'S A LONG
WAY FROM
HOME!

THE APPALACHIAN
MOUNTAINS, IN THE
WOODLANDS OF
CENTRAL
PENNSYLVANIA...

...MANY MILES
SOUTH OF
LEWISBURG
FEDERAL
PENITENTIARY...

...ALONG THE
WINDING
COURSE OF
THE
SUSQUEHANNA
RIVER.

WHERE
ARE YOU,
ROBBIE?

ARE YOU
ALIVE?
ARE YOU
DEAD?

WHERE
ARE YOU?

"THE SEARCH FOR ROBBIE ROBERTSON"

GERRY CONWAY
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IT'S BEEN DAYS SINCE ROBBIE AND **TOMBSTONE** FELL FROM A HELICOPTER DURING A FAILED CRASH OUT FROM LEWISBURG PENITENTIARY. *

STATE TROOPERS SCoured THE AREA FOR MILES AROUND THE PRISON, BUT COULDN'T FIND A SIGN OF THEM.

OFFICIALLY, ROBBIE AND **TOMBSTONE** ARE PRESUMED DEAD -- CARRIED SOUTH BY THE SUSQUEHANNA --

* LAST ISSUE. -- JIM

-- BUT SINCE THEIR BODIES WERE NEVER RECOVERED --

-- I JUST WON'T BELIEVE IT.

"WHO'S THAT?"

"COULDN'T GET MUCH OF A LOOK, EVEN IN THE MOONLIGHT..."

... BUT WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S THE FIRST PERSON I'VE SEEN FOR MILES AROUND.

IF ROBBIE AND **TOMBSTONE** SOMEHOW SURVIVED THEIR FALL, AND PASSED THIS WAY DOWN RIVER -- MAYBE HE SAW THEM.

WORTH A TRY.

HUH?

WHEN HE WAS EDITOR IN CHIEF OF THE DAILY BUGLE, ROBBIE WAS A GOOD FRIEND TO ME --

-- BOTH AS **PETER PARKER** AND AS **SPIDER-MAN**.

THAT'S WHY I CAN'T WRITE HIM OFF, UNLESS I'VE EXHAUSTED EVERY LAST POSSIBILITY OF FINDING HIM ALIVE.

WELL, WELL.

HAM.

AND DOUBLE HAM.

"I KNEW THERE WERE VALLEYS AND HOLLOWS IN THESE BACKWOODS WHERE PEOPLE LIVE A PRETTY PRIMITIVE EXISTENCE, AVOIDING CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD..."

"... BUT THIS LITTLE SHACK TOWN LOOKS LIKE IT'S HARDLY EVER HEARD OF THE 20TH CENTURY... NEVER MIND YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN."

"ONE LOOK AT ME AND THEY'LL PROBABLY RUN FOR THE HILLS--"

-- AND IN THEIR CASE, I MEAN THAT LITERALLY.

SIGH! MARY JANE WARNED ME THIS WOULDN'T BE EASY.

I'M A CITY BOY, WHICH MAKES ME A FISH OUT OF WATER IN THESE WOODS.

BUT WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE?

I HAVE TO GO DOWN AND ASK THEIR HELP.

IF ROBBIE AND TOMBSTONE CAME THIS WAY, THOSE PEOPLE MAY HAVE SEEN--

SPIDER-SENSE BUZZING...

HEY!



TELL ME I'M DREAMING!

IT'S THAT GUY I ROTTED IN THE WOODS!

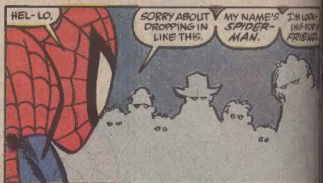
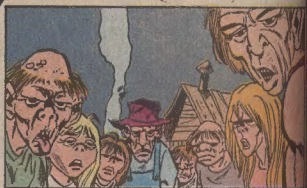
HE'S BIG ENOUGH TO QUALIFY FOR A HOME EQUITY LOAN ALL BY HIMSELF!



MAYBE I BETTER JUST GET OUT OF HERE...



AND THEN AGAIN MAYBE NOT

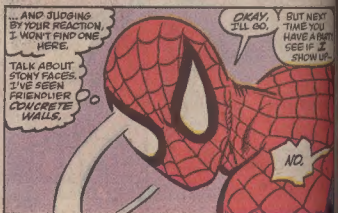


HEL-LO,

SORRY ABOUT DROPPING IN LIKE THIS.

MY NAME'S SPIDER-MAN.

I'M LOOKING FOR A FRIEND.



...AND JUDGING BY YOUR REACTION, I WON'T FIND ONE HERE.

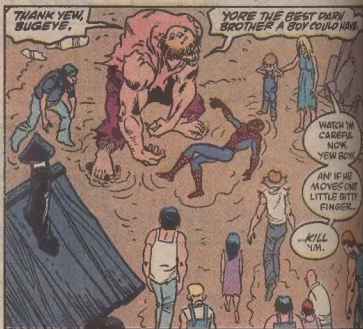
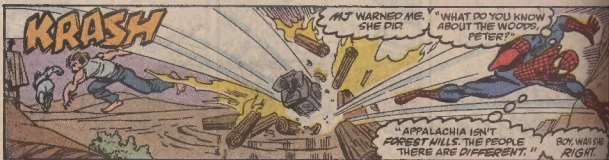
TALK ABOUT STONY FACES. I'VE SEEN FRIENDLIER CONCRETE WALLS.

OKAY, I'LL GO.

BUT NEXT TIME YOU HAVE A BUTT SEE IF I SHOW UP.

NO.





INTERLUDES:

THE "SOHO"
DISTRICT OF
MANHATTAN...



HEY, MARY
JANE--



WHERE'S THAT
HUSBAND OF
YOURS HIDING
HIMSELF?

I THOUGHT THIS LATE-NIGHT
PAINT PARTY FOR YOUR NEW
APARTMENT WAS HIS IDEA.

PETER HAD
TO WORK,
FLASH.

WITH
JONAH
JAMESON
BACK AT
THE BUGLE--

-- MY
HUBBY IS
FINALLY
SELLING
PHOTOS
AGAIN.

PIZZA,
ANYONE?

I HAVE TO
LEAVE SOON.

I HAVEN'T BEEN SLEEPING
WELL LATELY...

NO WONDER. GLORIA SAW HER
MOB BOYFRIEND DIE IN HER ARMS
A FEW WEEKS AGO.

THERE'S
EVEN A
RUMOR
SHE
KILLED
HIM TO
SAVE
SPIDER-
MAN.

SAY, REGINA-- WHAT DOES A
HIGH CLASS MODEL LIKE
YOU ENJOY DOING ON A
DATE?

DON'T WORRY,
FLASH.

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.

WELL,
GEE.

WHY
THAT--

HARRY, DID YOU HEAR HOW
MARY JANE'S FRIEND CUT
FLASH DOWN?

YEAH, LIZ.
ROUGH.

FLASH AND I USED
TO BE AN ITEM BACK
IN HIGH SCHOOL.

SOMETIMES I FEEL
GUILTY THAT MY LIFE
WORKED OUT SO WELL,
WITH HARRY AND
LITTLE NORMAN...

...WHILE NOTHING
GOES RIGHT FOR
POOR FLASH.

NONE FOR ME,
MARY JANE.



EVERYTHING I HAVE, EVERYTHING
I EVER ACCOMPLISHED WITH THE
BUGLE...

... I EARNED...

... AND NOW, TO HAVE IT ALL
RIPPED AWAY FROM ME
BY A CHEAP STOCK
MANIPULATION...

...IT PAINS ME MORE THAN
I CAN TELL YOU.

NO MORE THAN IT
PAINS ME TO SEE IT
HAPPEN TO YOU,
MY LOVE.

AT LEAST I'M
HERE TO SHARE
YOUR PAIN.

I WISH
YOU'D STAYED
AT THE
PENTHOUSE,
MARLA.

NO, MY PLACE IS AT
MY HUSBAND'S
SIDE, JONAH.

I STILL HURT EVERY
TIME I THINK OF HOW
YOU MUST HAVE
SUFFERED--
KIDNAPPED BY THE
CHAMELEON--

--WHILE I
TRAIPSED
OVER
EUROPE
ON A
RESEARCH
SABBATICAL
-- NEVER
KNOWING YOU
WERE IN
TROUBLE..

I'LL MAKE MY OWN INTRODUCTIONS, THANK YOU.

JONAH JAMESON?
MY NAME IS
THOMAS
FIREHEART.

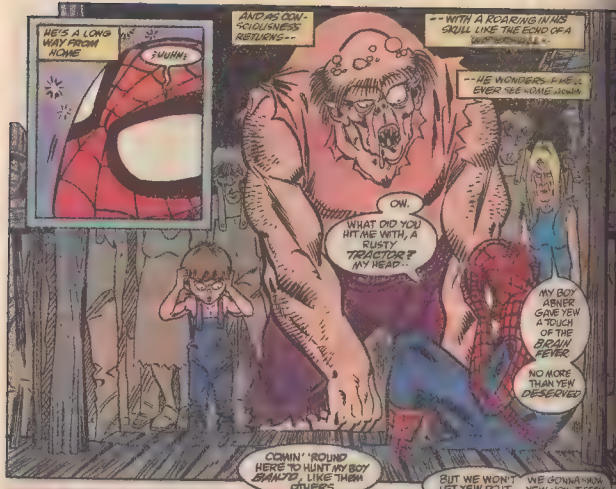
KNOWING YOU WERE SAFE
IN EUROPE GAVE ME THE
STRENGTH TO FIGHT BACK,
MARLA-- AND SURVIVE.

I AM GLAD
YOU'RE HERE.
I NEED--

MR. JAMESON?
ALLOW ME TO
INTRODUCE--

AS OF
THIRTY MINUTES
AGO, I'M THE NEW
OWNER OF THE
DAILY BUGLE...

END OF INTERLUDES



HE'S A LONG WAY FROM HOME

SUHHH

AND AS CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS--

-- WITH A ROARING IN HIS SKULL LIKE THE ECHO OF A

-- HE WONDERERS IF HE'LL EVER SEE HOME AGAIN

OW.

WHAT DID YOU HIT ME WITH, A RUSTY TRACTOR? MY HEAD--

MY BOY ABNER GAVE YEW A TOUCH OF THE BRAIN FEVER

NO MORE THAN YEW DESERVED

COMIN' 'ROUND HERE TO HUNT MY BOY SAUL, LIKE THEM OTHERS.

BUT WE WON'T LET YEW DO IT.

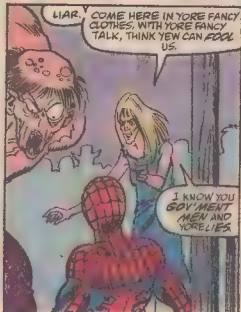
WE GONNA HUNDA YEW HOW T FEELS BEIN' HUNTED LIKE SOME WILD ANIMAL.

TAKE 'IM AWAY AN' LOCK 'IM UP



TAKE YOUR BOY?

LADY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. I'M LOOKING FOR A FRIEND.



LIAR.

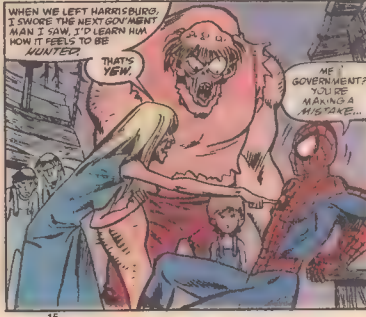
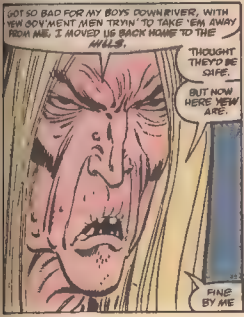
COME HERE IN YORE FANCY CLOTHES, WITH YORE FANCY TALK, THINK YEW CAN FOO US.

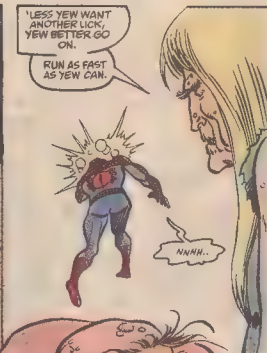
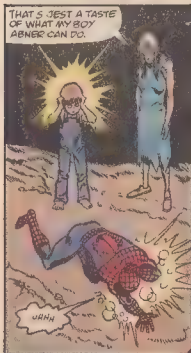
I KNOW YOU GOV'MENT MEN AND YORE LIES.



YEW LISTEN UP

TEN YEAR AGO, I WAS A WIDOW LIVIN' WITH MY COUSIN DOWNIN' HER OUTSIDE HARRISBURG. PREGNANT WITH THESE TWO BOYS





QUEENS MEDICAL CENTER
EDU - A FEW BLOCKS FROM
MAY PARKER'S BOARDING
HOUSE IN FOREST HILLS.

FOOD WAS MY
BEST FRIEND...

WHAT
A ZOO.

EATING
DISORDER
UNIT
-- JIM

... NO MATTER WHAT
WENT WRONG WITH MY
LIFE, NO MATTER HOW
BADLY I FELT, FOOD
WAS ALWAYS THERE
TO COMFORT ME.

ME, TOO. EATING
MADE ME FEEL SAFE--
BUT THEN I'D GET
SCARED OF BEING
FAT--

-- AND THEN
I'D STARVE
MYSELF TO
BE THIN--

-- AND THEN
I'D NEED
TO FEEL
SAFE
AGAIN...

IT'S THE SAME
CYCLE FOR ALL
OF US.

WHenever
WE HAVE
FEELINGS,
WE
STUFF
THEM--

-- EITHER BY
BINGING, OR BY
STARVING
OURSELVES,
OR PURGING.

THAT'S HOW IT
WORKED FOR ME
BEFORE I FOUND
A WAY OUT.

KRISTY--
ISN'T THAT HOW
IT WORKS FOR
YOU?

NO! I'M NOT LIKE YOU, DR.
RANSOME! I'M NOT LIKE
ANY OF YOU! YOU'RE
SICK!

FAT AND SICK AND
STUPID, STUPID,
STUPID!

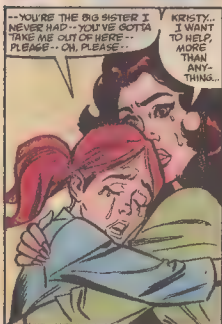
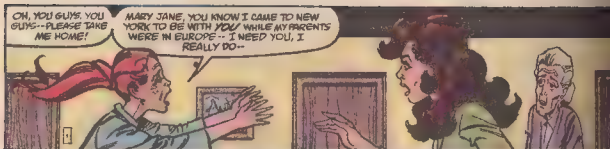
KRISTY-- YOU KEEP TALKING ABOUT
FEELINGS-- I DON'T HAVE
PROBLEMS WITH FEELINGS!
I DON'T HAVE FEELINGS!

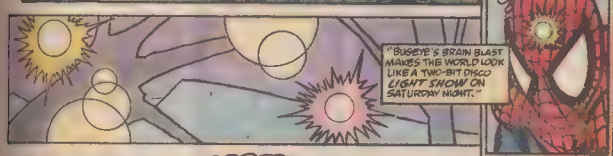
STOP
TRYING TO
BRAINWASH
ME!

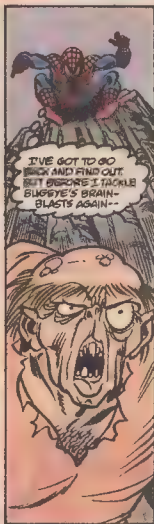
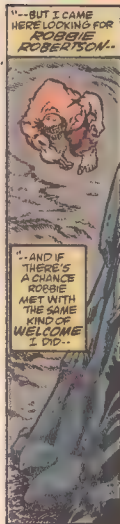
I'VE GOTTA GET OUT
OF HERE! THESE
PEOPLE ARE CRAZY!!

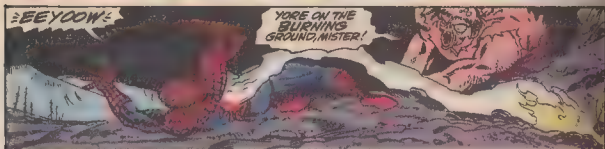
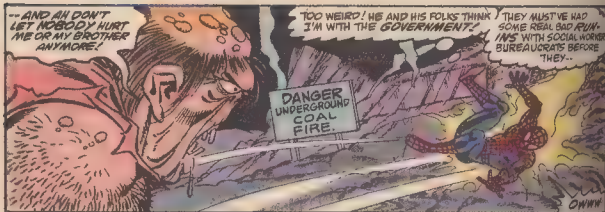
I'M SO
HUNGRY
I COULD...

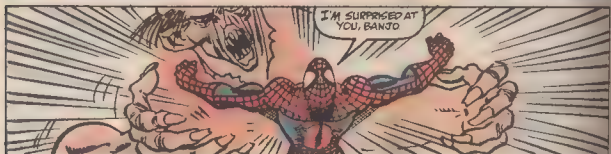
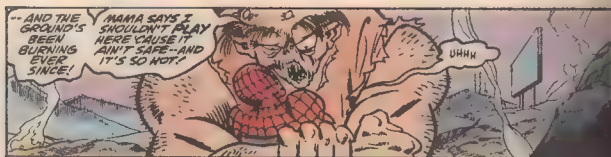
MARY JANE!
AUNT MAY!

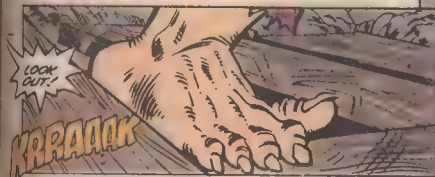












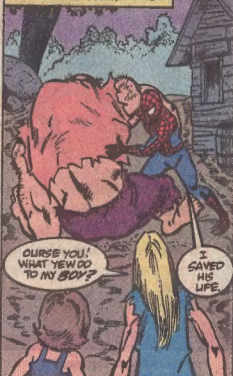
IT'S A LONG WAY FROM HOME!

BUT THERE IS A FAMILIARITY TO THE STARES THAT GREET HIM AS HE RE-ENTERS THE SMALL HILL-COUNTRY TOWN.

TOO MANY TIMES, HE'S SEEN ROSE STARES ON THE FACES OF STRANGERS ON THE STREETS OF CONCRETE-CANYONED NEW YORK!



SOME THINGS REMAIN THE SAME NO MATTER HOW FAR YOU ARE FROM HOME.



LOOK, I WAS TRYING TO TREAT OUR BOY LIKE A FREAK WHEN I FIRST GOT HERE.

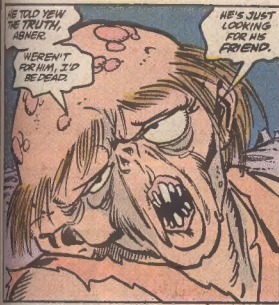
BUT YOU PEOPLE WERE WRONG TO ATTACK ME, TOO. WEREN'T YOU ACTING LIKE THE CREEPS WHO TORMENTED YOU? OR CAN'T YOU SEE IT?

LIAR! LIAR! YEW HURT MY BROTHER!



BANJO?

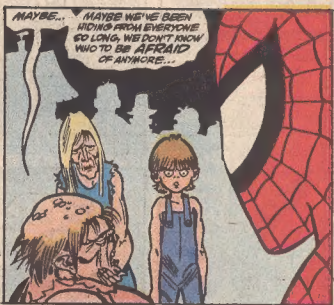
DON'T.



HE TOLD YEW
THE TRUTH,
ABNER.

WEREN'T
FOR HIM, I'D
BE DEAD.

HE'S JUST
LOOKING
FOR HIS
FRIEND.



MAYBE...

MAYBE WE'VE BEEN
HIDING FROM EVERYONE
SO LONG, WE DON'T KNOW
WHO TO BE AFRAID
OF ANYMORE...



LIKE I SAID, YOU'RE
NOT THE ONLY ONES
WHO EVER MADE THAT
MISTAKE.

BUT CONSIDERING
HOW YOU WERE TREATED
BY THE WORLD--

-- I REALLY
CAN'T BLAME
YOU.



ABOUT MY
FRIEND...

YORE
THE FIRST
STRANGER
WE SEEN
IN A
YEAR.

I DON'T
KNOW
YOUR
FRIEND
OR
WHERE
HE IS,
STRANGER.



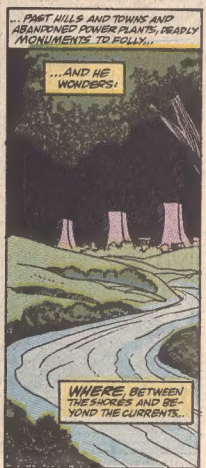
"ROBBIE," THINKS THE
WEB-SLINGER, "WHERE
ARE YOU?" WHERE
INDEED?

IN THE NEAR
DISTANCE HE
HEARS THE
WHISPER OF
THE
SUSQUEHANNA...



... AND IN HIS
MIND'S EYE HE
IMAGINES THE
MILES AND
MILES OF RIVER...

...CURVING
SOUTH
THROUGH
SOUTHERN
PENNSYLVANIA...



... PAST HILLS AND TOWNS AND
ABANDONED POWER PLANTS, DEADLY
MONUMENTS TO FOLLY...

...AND HE
WONDERS:

WHERE, BETWEEN
THE SHORES AND BE-
YOND THE CURRENTS...

...WHERE WOULD ROBBIE ROBERTSON'S BODY COME TO REST?

ON WHAT GREEN BANK? IN WHAT MUDDY POOL?

FOR SURELY HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY STILL BE ALIVE...

COULD HE?

COULD HE?

HELP! OVER HERE!

EH?

WHO IS THERE?

COME OUT FROM THE SHADOWS...

MY FRIEND... HE TOOK A HARD FALL...

...HE'S HURT.

ACH! SO HE IS!

YOU ARE BADLY BRUISED YOURSELF, MEIN HERR.

OUR BOAT CAPSIZED UP RIVER. GUESS WE HIT THE WATER PRETTY HARD. ROBBIE BROKE HIS LEGS.

WILL HE BE OKAY?

JA, I DO NOT THINK HE HAS INTERNAL INJURIES.

BUT MY PATIENTS ARE USUALLY SICK FARM ANIMALS, NOT MEN.

A VET, HUH? GREAT. TAKE CARE OF MY PAL, DOC.

DON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO OLD ROBBIE-PAL.

I OWE THE MAN TOO MUCH.

AND ASK ANYONE: TOMBSONE ALWAYS PAYS HIS DEBTS IN FULL.

TO BE CONTINUED...

SHOCK TREATMENT

Spectacular Spider-Man #156



23 Images + 1 SFV